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Diamond Head.

Diamond Head.

By

Mrs. Emma L. Dillingham.

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Dedicated To

Mrs. Carrie P. Beckwith —

at whose suggestion

these lines were written.

Diamond Head:

We know not when primeval fires upheaved
Amidst the Western sea, thy rugged form
O Diamond Head!
We know not what the mighty force, that tore
Thee from the perfect calm, and tideless depths
Of ocean's bed.
Did chaos reign in wildest fiercest mood?
Did darkness still upon the waters brood?
With fervent heat was firmament ablaze?
Had Time itself been portioned 'nto days?

Gray Diamond Head,
We watch thy stern unchanging brow,
and know
No secrets of the past will thou bestow;
Thy history too drear light speech
to wake,
And memories too sad
to

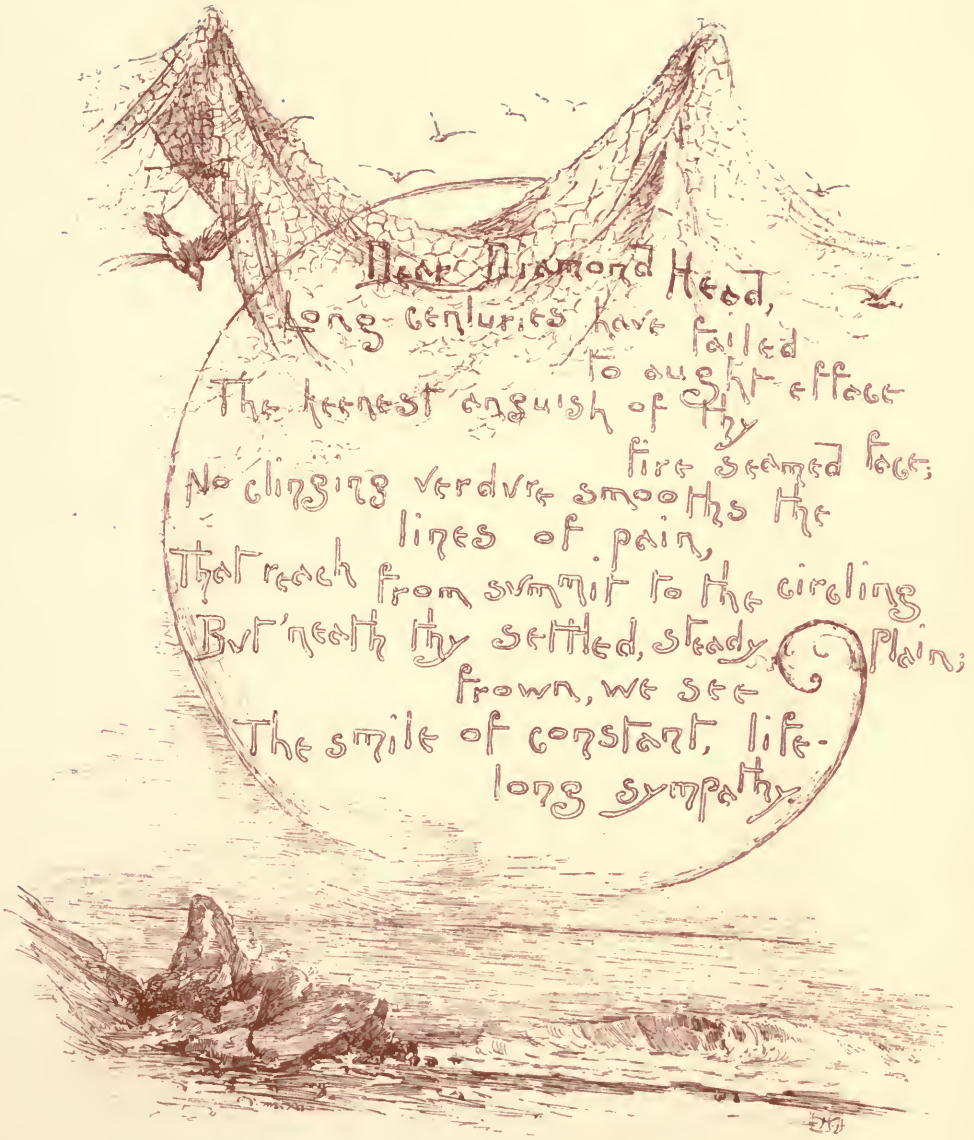
silence
break.

Midst crash of elements and thund'rous roar
Of molten matter surging wild and high,
Thou first saw light.

The lightning's flame played hotly round thy head,
And floods of fiery rain thy crude form bathed
By day, by night.
Of chaos thou wast truly then a part,
Thy breast the seat whence lurid fires did dart,
Thou filled'st the heavens with angry sulphurous breath,
That wrapped all nature's dawning life in death.

Old Diamond Head,
We measure not in years
thy raging youth,
Ere out of tumult, from a
mass uncouth,
Thy furrowed form reclined its
massive length,
At peace with earth,
content in rock bound
strength.

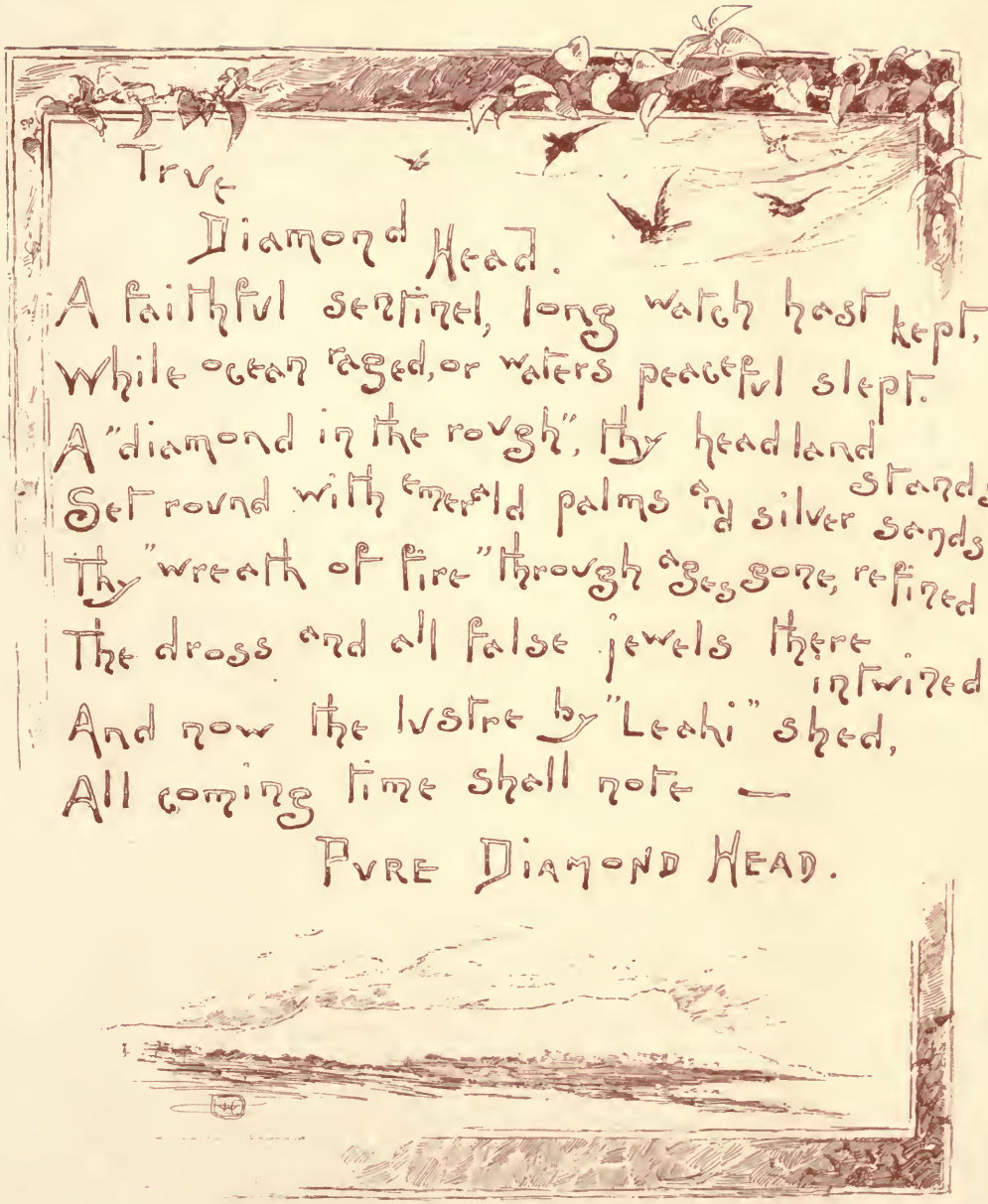
Thine was a fiery furnace seven times fried,
And thine the conqueror's right to liberty
And length of days.
Thine too a crown the prize for victories won,
Thy sweetest heritage the hearts whose love
Should voice thy praise.
'Neath tender skies thy liberty is held,
By ardent, loyal hearts, thy ranks are swelled,
The seal of ages on thy brow is set,
"Leahi," "wreath of fire," thy coronet.


Dear Diamond Head,
Long centuries have failed
To aught efface
The keenest anguish of thy
fire seamed face;
No clinging verdure smooths the
lines of pain,
That reach from summit to the circling
But 'neath thy settled, steady
frown, we see
The smile of constant, life-
long sympathy.

Grand Diamond Head,
Though heart of fire ashes long
has turned,
And cold and grey the brow where
frenzy burned,
The morning's loveliest dawn, the
noontides light,
The sunsets changing hues, so
heavenly bright,
Upon thee fall in thousand dyes; and lo!
Responsive, all thy form with
radiance glows.

Strong Diamond Head.

The artists' hand has often traced thy form,
'Neath moonlit skies, or wrapped in gloom and storm;
Thy silent fame around the world has flown,
And heart strings far away, in tender tone,
Vibrate thy name, while glistening eyes reveal
The homesick longing they would fain conceal.
Strong is thy power to hold the loyal love
Of sage and child, all other lands above.


True
Diamond Head.
A faithful sentinel, long watch hast kept,
While ocean raged, or waters peaceful slept.
A "diamond in the rough", thy headland stands,
Set round with emerald palms and silver sands.
Thy "wreath of fire" through ages gone, refined
The dross and all false jewels there intwined,
And now the lustre by "Leahi" shed,
All coming time shall note —
Pure Diamond Head.

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